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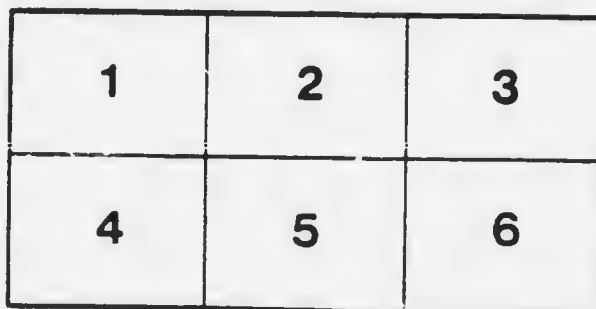
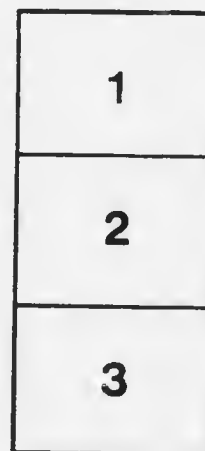
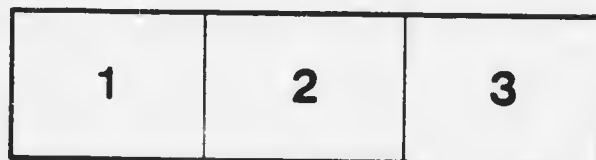
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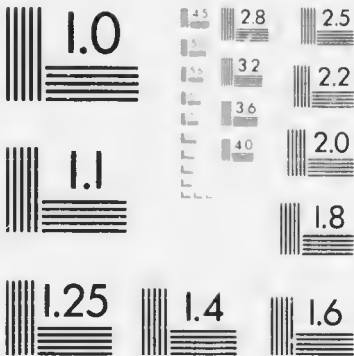
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Souvenir
of the
Golden Jubilee
of
Sister St. Aloysia

St. Patrick's Academy

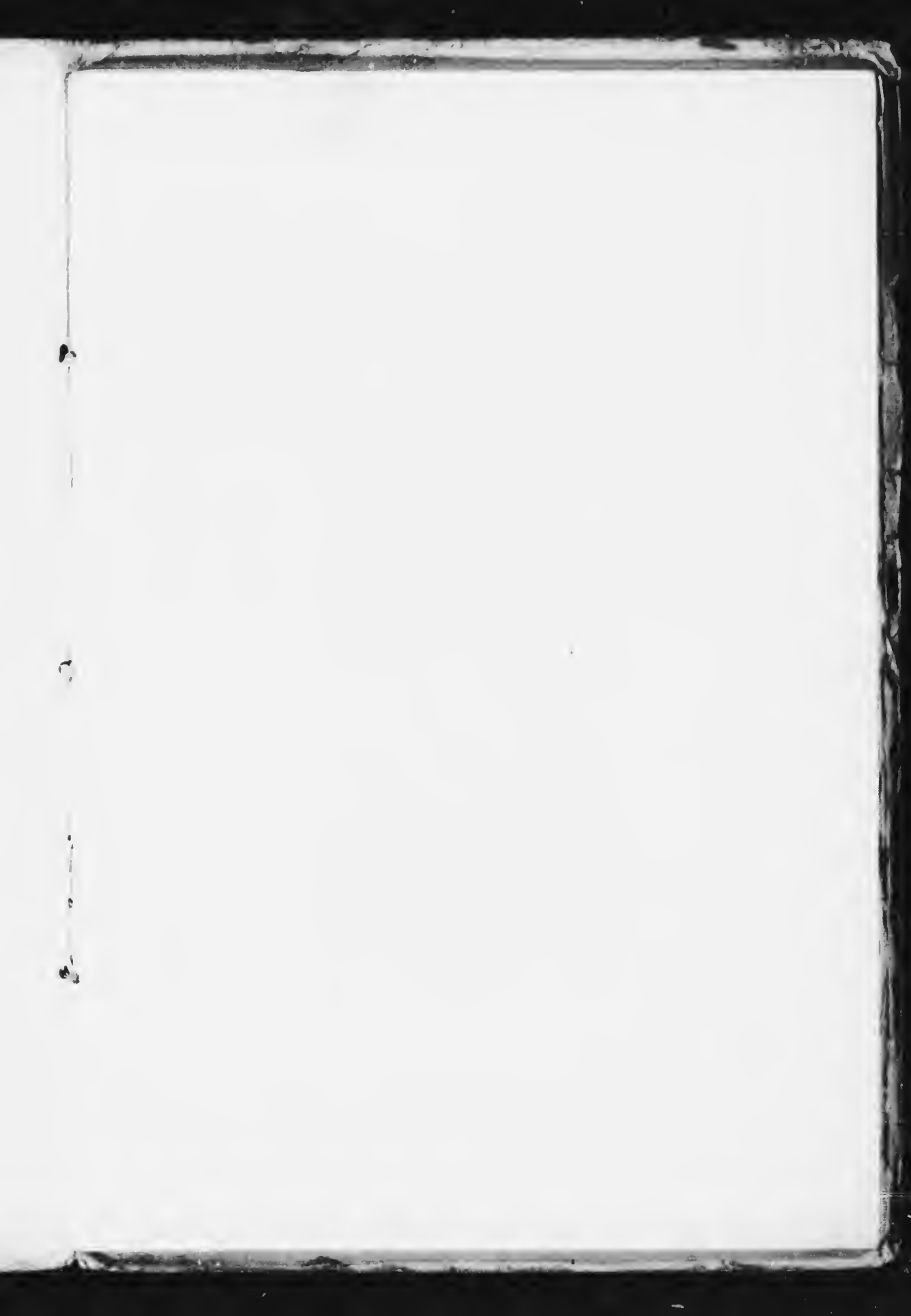
May, 1915



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The Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.
Patronal Feast of the Congregation de Notre-Dame.

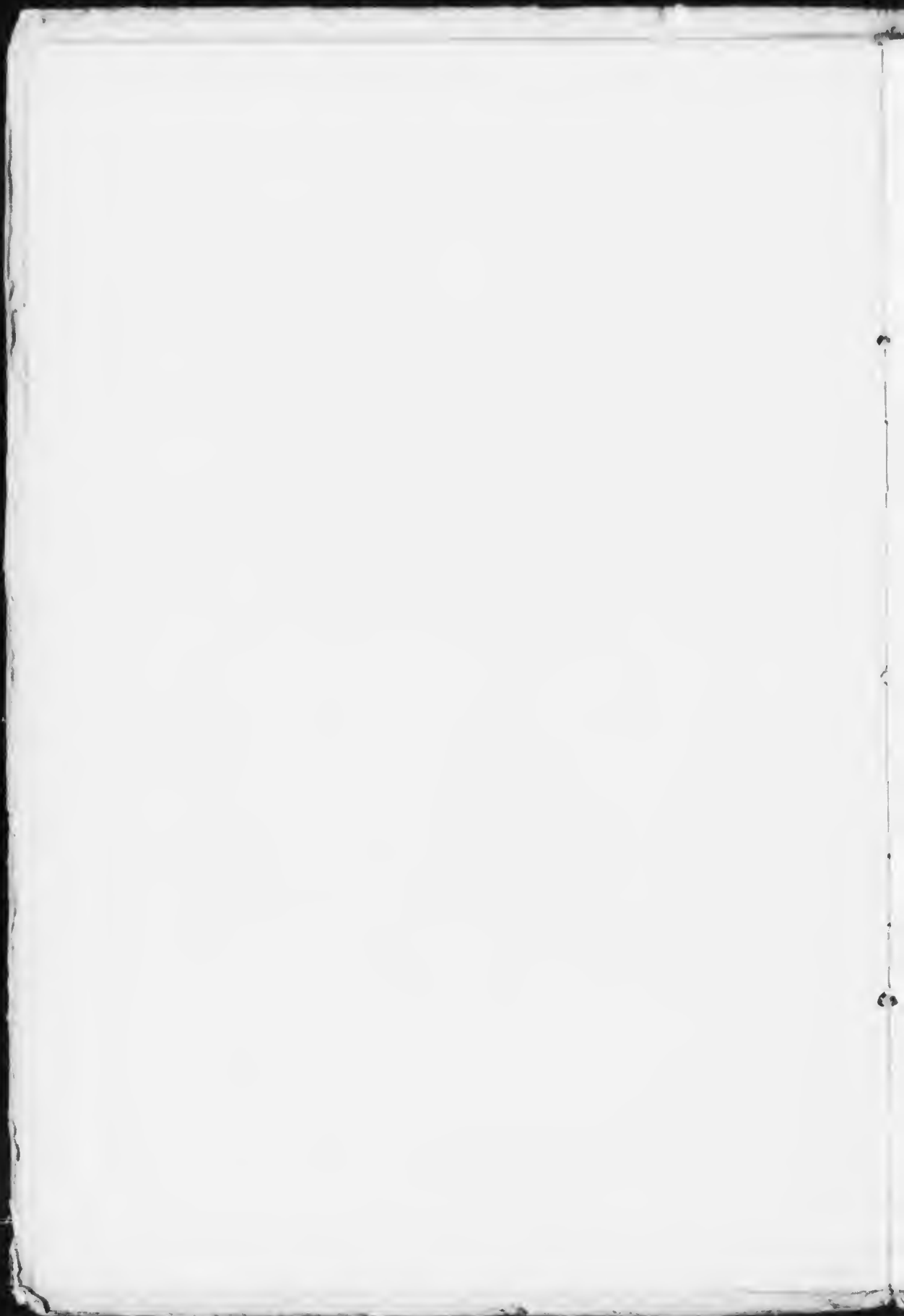
Apology and Dedication

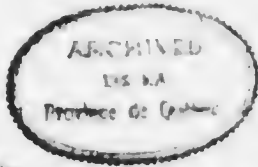
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Mother! oh, chide us not,
If, all unknown to thee,
We've culled the flow'rets fair
That graced thy Jubilee,
And of their blossoms wove
A garland all replete
With fragrance of thy deeds,
And mem'ries pure and sweet.

For Friends thou'st known and loved,
And cherished thro' these years,
Friends who have shared with thee
Their triumphs and their tears,
This chaplet we have twined—
A tribute may it be
Of gratitude and love
For tried fidelity.

—The Sisters of the Academy





Introduction

• • •

A NOTEWORTHY event in the annals of the Irish people of St. Patrick's Parish occurred in the month of May last when Reverend Mother St. Aloysia, the Superior of the Girls' Academy on St. Alexander St., celebrated her Golden Jubilee.

St. Patrick's is well dowered with useful institutions, but none have achieved greater fame than the one presided over by this venerable religious who has guided its destinies for forty years out of the fifty she has given wholly to God; and so it seemed fitting that priests and people and pupils sought opportunity to offer a tribute of affection and grateful recognition on this Golden Anniversary.

The initial festivity was that originated by the former pupils which took place on Sunday, May 9th, when nearly three hundred assembled in the hall of the Academy and greeted Mother St. Aloysia with instrumental music and song, with congratulatory odes, culminating in the reading of a touching, affectionate address and the presentation of a purse of gold, and a set of gold vestments for the chapel. Early in the proceedings, a magnificent bouquet of fifty American Beauties had been presented, and other beautiful floral offerings followed.

The gathering included the two sisters of the Reverend Jubilarian and many religious, among the latter being some who had been pupils of the Academy in bygone days. The crowning touch of satisfaction was given when Mother St. Aloysia herself spoke a few words to those who had come back, some after very many years, to live over again for a brief hour their happy schooltime. An informal reception followed, when teachers and pupils met and greeted one another and visited former haunts together.

Then, on May 24th, in the Mother House of the Congregation de Notre Dame, whose stately pile is reared within a

stone's throw of the hallowed spot where, over two hundred and fifty years ago, Margaret Bourgeois, the saintly Foundress of the Order, gathered around her the little Indian children and those of the settlers of Ville Marie and taught them to know their God and His Works, the religious celebration of the Golden Jubilee took place. Before the High Altar in the beautiful chapel, glowing with myriad lights and decked with fragrant bloom, holy Mass was heard and solemn vows of decades past were renewed by Reverend Mother St. Aloysia and eleven other Jubilarians. In the afternoon, Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament brought a crowning blessing upon a wonderful day.

Again, on May 27th, the present pupils of St. Patrick's Academy feasted their loved Mother Superior, and on this day also a profusion of lovely flowers, beautiful poetry and prose, sweetest music and numerous gifts bore to the honored guest the latest tribute of affection, congratulation and good wishes. Though it was the children's hour, those loyal daughters of Mother St. Aloysia, her teachers, played their hidden part in the triumph of the day. Of their best they gave in inspiration, in loving efforts towards the achievement of a perfect whole.

The Golden Month is passed, but its Golden memories remain to Mother St. Aloysia, bringing her, we doubt not, the satisfaction and peace of duty nobly done and the happiness received from the outpouring of grateful hearts in recognition of her long and arduous labors in the dear old Academy.
Ad Multos Annos.

—A PATRICIAN PUPIL



Mother House of the Congregation de Notre-Dame view from Atwater Avenue



Festal Wishes

The following lines—slightly re-arranged—were written by our dearly loved and deeply regretted Sister St. Elizabeth, on the occasion of Sister St. Aloysia's Name Day, 1913

Oh! full many are the Feast days
That enhance each passing year,
But there's one—an "Aloysia"
Brings a special joy and cheer.

For 'neath shades of old St. Patrick's,
For nigh forty Mays, I ween,
Generations twain have greeted
Her who guards the Em'rald green;

And who faithful on the watch-tower
In a triple cause e'er stands,
As Religion, Education,
Or True Womanhood demands.

Then, her gentle rule, with firmness
Tempers all her intercourse,
And a Mother's love e'er sweetens
What stern duty would enforce.

Oh! there never was a sovereign,
Held such magic power o'er all,
"Queen of Hearts" we would proclaim her,
Her Dominion—Montreal.

Then, these roses' sweetest language
Will repeat, in accents clear,
Hearty greetings, cordial wishes,
Prayer pleadings, Mother, dear,

That for many happy May days,
We of generations twain
Sacred keep e'en locks are silvered,
This sweet festal yet again.

Till the forties run to fifties,
E'en the Diamond Feast acclaim,
All who love and best revere you,
Daughter true of Notre Dame.

Golden Jubilee of Mother St. Aloysia

• • •

1865—May 19—1915

• • •

Like golden rosary of beads, thrice blest—
(A chaplet fair, by angel fingers pressed),
In cloud or sunshine, duties grave or gay
The decades of the years have slipped away;
Five precious decades of eventful years,
Since, in this month, which Mary's love endears,
With mingled hopes and fears, yet fervour great,
Young Aloysia passed the Narrow Gate,
Through which the Novice enters (favoured Guest!)
The royal palace of the King's Professed,
And plighted timidly those deathless vows
Which bound her, heart and soul, to Christ, her Spouse.

Five golden decades! Angels, can it be
We keep, to-day, her Golden Jubilee—
And, thro' a rainbow light of smiles and tears,
Look back on fifty fair and fruitful years.
'Tis even so; the tides of Time flow on
(For Time and Tide, 'tis written, wait for none),
The rapid waters pass us on the shore,
Down-rushing seaward—to return no more.

Yet, swiftly, strongly, as their currents run,
From dusk to dawn, from rise to set of sun,
Upon their waves, like beacon-fires divine,
Faith, Hope and Charity, here, changeless shine—
Their rays illuming blackest clouds of night,
To speed our favoured barques to ports of Light!

Within these walls, behold the vision grand,
Of woman's noblest mission in the land!
The mission of her Master, pure and high,
Warning His dear ones from the paths that lie
In death and darkness; and with tender care
Guiding young souls to realms of peace and prayer.

Close to the Sacred Heart, true Source of Light,
Our Lady's Daughters cluster day and night,
To catch Its rays, and cast Its radiance
Upon the clouds of doubt and ignorance—
Until Its sparks shall scatter through the earth,
And kindle flames on many a godless hearth.

Beloved Mother! whilst we, grateful, bless
This feast of love and holy happiness—
Daughter of Notre Dame, sweet spouse of Christ,
Who, on this day, earth's treasures sacrific'd
For His dear sake—we bring thee not those toys
Wherewith the world commemorates its joys.

Ah! no, an humble offering is ours—
A simple wreath of pure and fragrant flowers,
Whose guileless beauty and whose odors sweet
Are symbols of Religion's years, replete
With heavenly perfumes, loveliness divine
Culled by the seraphs at our Lady's shrine!

Take, then, the gift, dear Mother, for amid
The beauteous buds, devoted hearts lie hid;
And from the cup each open flow'ret bears,
Rises the incense of our ardent prayers—
Breathing to God this supplication strong:
"O Best-Beloved! She hath served Thee long
And served Thee faithfully. Since Thou hast led
Her footsteps thro' the past with fearless tread,
Lead on our Mother thro' the years to come
Unto the joys of Thy eternal Home—
Her ev'ry thought, her ev'ry word and deed
Winning from Thee the saints' immortal meed—
That all instructors of Thy truth shall be
As brilliant stars to shine eternally!
Whate'er her future, be her Guide and Stay,
And bless her life and labours, day by day,
Till that glad hour when, crown'd with perfect bliss,
And sinking, childlike, in the vast Abyss
Of Love and Mercy, she may rest in Thee,
And keep, dear Lord, her endless Jubilee!"

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

Jubilee Homage to Reverend Mother St. Aloysia

• • •

Thy faithful children all rejoice,
And hail the exultant ways,
Which here find soul in every voice.
Uplifted now in praise.
The breezes play, the birdlings sing,
As though to us beholden,
While elfin singers slyly fling
Their wealth of colors golden.

Thus love's bright beams all radiant hued
Enhalo thee to-day;
Reverence, joy and gratitude,
Like jewels, strew the way.
Love-glad eyes are here to lighten
Every cloudlet gray,
Fragrant flowers to smile and brighten
E'en the skies of May.

Our Mother kind! Ah, who can tell
How true and deep and strong,
The ties that bind like mystic spell
Through life outpoured so long!
Around, within, these hoary walls,
Nigh forty years proclaim
The deeds that Jubilee recalls
To bless thy cherished name!

From far and wide come greetings kind,
And wishes told in prayer,
While in ten thousand hearts enshrined
Thy love is everywhere.
We've heard it like a blessing told,
Within old "Monkland's" bowers,
Where grateful sisters, Mother, hold
Thy memory sweet as flowers.

Long years, we've heard them oft proclaim,
Has friendship's chain held fast
To love-bound rivets, still the same,
As in the distant past.
And here to represent those days
'Tis my proud joy to tell,
That Villa loyalty repays
Affection's tribute well.

Athwart the golden mists that hide
The long and faithful years,
A thousand kindly traits abide,
And each your name endears.
And in the shining rosary
Which counts the crownéd hour,
Our beads of treasured memory
Will blend in potent dower,
To pray that golden tints may burn
To purest diamond white,
That this fair day in joy return
With tenfold festal light.

—VILLA MARIA

Song

Air; And doth not a meeting—MOORE

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years of thy waiting, oh, say,
To see thus around thee thy children, thy friends,
To greet thee, loved Mother, this Jubilee Day.

When years shall have flown o'er our lives as o'er thine,
The snowfall of time shall be stealing,—oh, then,
Back, back to this day will fond memory turn ;
We'll bask, neath thy smile, in youth's sunshine again.

And oft as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our childhood anew,
One face and one form we shall meet on the tide,
That all the sweet joys of this day will renew.

Our hearts' fondest wishes we offer to thee,
Close, close intertwined with our thanks and our love ;
And, Mother, most dear, may thy children all see
Thy Jubilee Feast in thy bright home above.

Address of Former Pupils

• • •

REVEREND AND DEAR MOTHER ST. ALOYSIA:

FEAST-DAYS, well-nigh countless in their number, have passed in bright array down the length of happy years that are telling the life-story of our dear old Academy.

But the greatest feast-day of all, one that epitomizes all the rest, that overshadows all to come, is ours to-day—your Golden Jubilee, dear Mother St. Aloysia.

Fifty years in the Master's Service is a theme He alone may fitly treat. But the hallowed meaning of the words thrills the hearts that beat with yours to-day as we glimpse the golden vista they open before us of your years of effort and achievement, of unsparing devotion to the interests of those confided to your care.

Not always light the task of one who governs and who, perforce, must chide; but whether in admonition or reproof, you ever followed the Master's Rule: "The bruised reed he shall not break." Like a true religious, you counted as naught the labor, the disappointment, if only His Will were done—ever, from the first holy act of morning's dawn to that of the close of day, leading the way for those who, in their loyal devotion to a loved Superior, asked no sweeter task than to follow where her footsteps passed.

Teacher and pupil alike have felt the stimulus of your striving for the best, have affectionately appreciated the ready, sympathetic recognition you generously accorded their every effort. To you, always young in heart, our joys and pleasures made instant appeal, whether they came to us within our school-room walls or were a portion of life's good things in later years; and when the sorrow, from which you could not shield us, darkened our homes, we well remember your coming to us with a touch of kindly hand and the heartfelt

word of sympathy that brought early assurance of comfort soon to follow. In such an atmosphere, we do not wonder that spiritual, mental and material well-being has been the heritage of your children, and that, in the community at large, the name of " Mother St. Aloysia " has become a loved and revered household word.

We feel that we may well recall on this occasion that other Golden Jubilee also proudly celebrated here—that of the revered Founder of this school, Father Dowd, your Pastor and your friend of many years, whose happiest hours, he was wont to say, were spent with you and yours. We doubt not that the school he loved so well has still his guiding hand and that the appreciation and commendation he ever accorded your efforts have met their bright reflection in his worthy and beloved successors.

To many here present, dear Mother St. Aloysia, it seems but yesterday that they gathered round to celebrate your Silver Jubilee and that of Reverend Mother St. Magdalen of Calvary, your devoted efficient helper for so many years. Surely the wishes of that day have found their realization on this golden anniversary, when it is yours to reap in joy and gladness the tribute of affectionate, grateful recognition of all you have sown in a lifetime's unceasing labor.

Our utterance is inadequate indeed to convey to you the fullness of our hearts, but—we confidently say it—" Mother Superior " will understand. With our affectionate congratulations we mingle the wish that brighter still may gleam before you the golden pathway you have entered to-day—that long may you be spared

" to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit,
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each."

Reverently we ask of Him Whom you have served so well :
" Give her, Lord, the fruit of her hands and let her own
works praise her in the gates."

Words Accompanying Presentation

In memory of the Golden Years
 We've passed beneath your gentle sway;
In memory of the Golden Words,
 In accents loved we've heard you say;
In memory of a Heart of Gold,
 Of sterling worth to us alway ;
Accept, with love, this Gift of Gold,
 Remembrance of a Golden Day.



The Old School on the Hill

To Our Mother--Greeting!

• • •

The actual Pupils of the Academy tendered their reception to Sister St. Aloysia on May 27th, on her return from the Mother House

• • •

Through the halls of old St. Patrick's,
Never did the echoes ring
A more joyous, loving "Welcome"
Than the one our hearts now sing.

Welcome, Mother! We have missed you,
Though but short the absence span,
We would have you ever near us,
Oh, that such were God's wise plan!

Welcome home to your loved children!
See in each exultant face,
Love for Mother there is written,—
Lines that time will not efface.

Mother, can you, will you chide us,
If we keep this festal blest?
We would have this happy May-Day
Deep in Memory's casket rest.

Well we know what you've requested,
In your true humility,
"In the quiet, silent Chapel,
Let me keep my Jubilee.

There beneath the altar shadow,
Far from earth's false joys and fears,
I would thank God for His mercies,
And His blessings of those years."

Ah! 'tis sweet, this sacred lesson,
It shall long remembered be,
But another—'en more lovely,
We have kept as faithfully.

" Children," oft have you repeated,—
And the words are wondrous fair,
" Be unselfish, live for others,
Scatter sunshine everywhere."

This, your own life's faithful watchword,
We would ask you yet to-day,
To set us the fair example,
Make us happy while we say :

Mother, glad congratulations!
Heartfelt, true and all sincere,
For the noble, loving service
Of those fifty Golden Years.

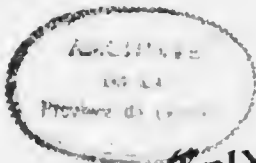
And of those, full well-nigh forty
To St. Patrick's children vowed,
Claim our thanks, our love unfailing ;
Of your work we're grandly proud.

In the footsteps of your Foundress,
Sainted, peerless Marguerite,
You have trod the path of duty,
Loyal, strove her aims to meet.

We have known your toil and labor,
All the burden of your task,
All the love with which you bore it,
And a blessing fond we ask,—

That the God of Love reward you
With full measure running o'er,
E'en on earth—long years awaiting,
Ere He call you evermore.

And those years be all of sunshine,
Tinted all with sunniest ray,
Every hour a bright reflection
Of this happy Golden Day.



Golden Jubilee of Sister Aloysia

• • •

Just five and twenty years ago, it was a happy day,
As bright and lovely as the glow upon the face of May,
When loving friends in numbers, dear Sister, you did see
Assembled here to celebrate your Silver Jubilee.
Since then the fruitful years adown Time's pathway swift have sped
And scattered are the dear ones, alas, a few are dead ;
But for you a deep affection, just as in the days of old,
Surrounds you as you celebrate your Jubilee of Gold.

In that far day the Silver seemed to make your hair more bright,
To-day, to correspond with Gold, it shows a perfect white ;
Yet not a change can we perceive in your expressive face,—
The same kind smile, the same fond glance, the same unfading
grace.
Your feet have trod the narrow path that's traced by Duty's
hand,
And on the summit of the steep at last you firmly stand ;
With the fragrance of your virtues that pathway has been
bless'd,
And after fifty years, to-day, you pause with joy to rest.

Around you we all gather in our almost childish glee,
To tell you how we love you on your Golden Jubilee ;
To touch the chord of Mem'ry's Harp and to entone a strain
That will revive the pleasures of all those years again ;
To make you feel the happiness that pulses in each heart.
In all our prayers and wishes to tell you of your part ;
And finally to wish you, as along the path you've trod,
Full many years of Happiness and a Golden Crown with God.

—J. K. FORAN

The Little Ones' Tribute of Love

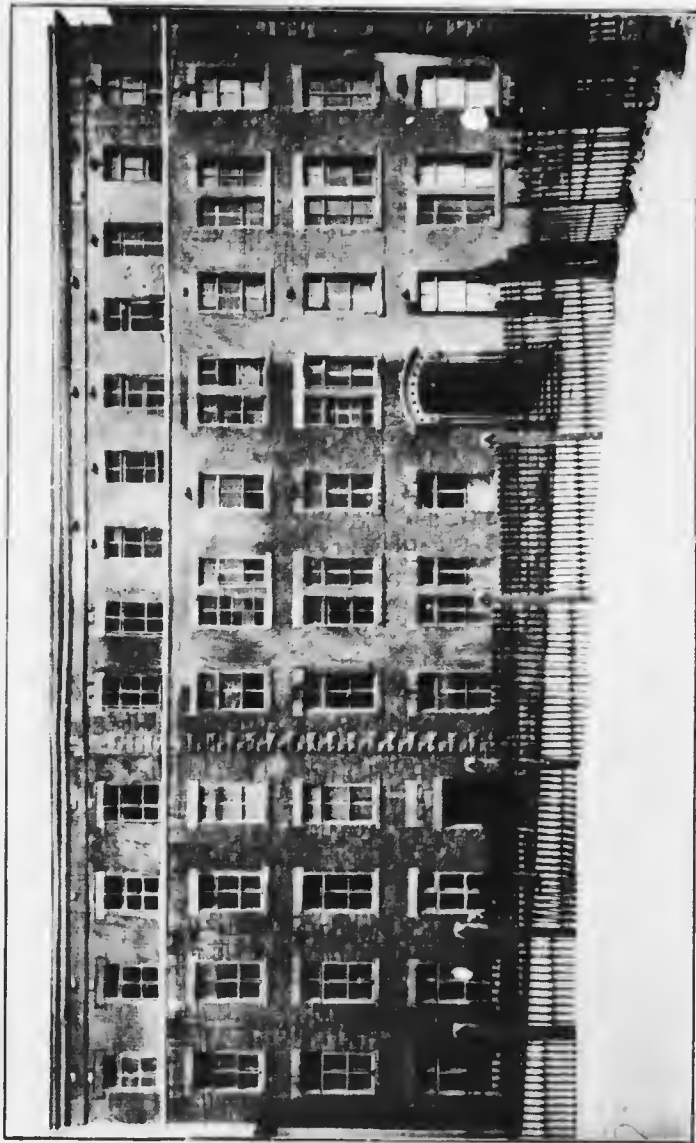
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(The wee toilers in "God's Little Garden" had prepared a Flower-Feast for Mother. The concluding words follow.)

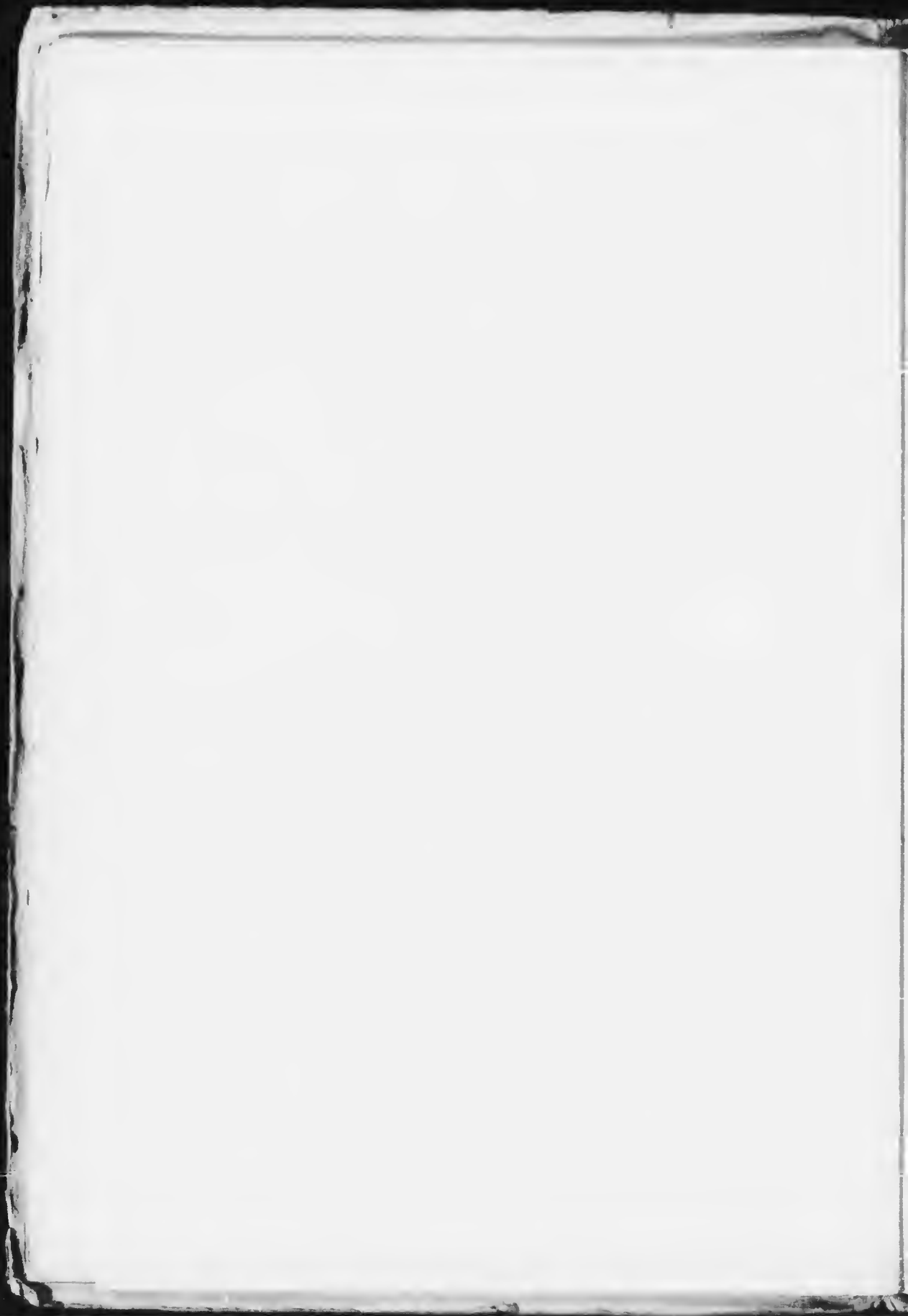
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Cherub : As I stood near the Father's White Throne,
In the beautiful realm above,
He gave unto me this command :
" Go down to my garden of love,
And ask of its guardian to give
Bright blossoms of fairest hue
To grace the glad Jubilee Day
Of a Mother loving and true."

Guardian : Oh, gladly a garland I'll weave,
I'll choose 'mong my flow'rets sweet
The loveliest, purest and best,
To lay at our dear Mother's feet.
Bright Roses shall tell of our love,
And Lilies,—what we wish to be,
The Daisy, her own cloister flower,
Shall speak of her firm loyalty.
The Violet, sweet hidden bloom,
The one she loves dearly, I ween,
Shall whisper : "Though lowly to self
She's worthy to be our loved Queen."
Present them, O Angel most fair,
Her little ones' tribute of love,
And bear from their fond hearts for her
This message to Heaven above :
"May flowers that never shall fade
Their perfume e'er shed o'er her way,
Sweet flowers of remembrance and love,
As fair as this Golden May Day."



St. Patrick's Academy—"Blest be the spot and the hour of this meeting."



Song

Air: I Saw from the Beach

Our song from gay hearts echoes out a glad greeting
To Mother revered on this Jubilee Day,
Oh, blest be the spot and the hour of this meeting,
In mem'ry they'll live, visions fair as the May.

For such is the joy that this festal sheds 'round it,
No words can we find to portray it aright,
Had we Tara's harp we would long have unbound it,
And set its chords free, as a bird in its flight.

We'd sing of the glories serenely adorning
The one we revere as our Mother and Friend,
God keep for her long the sweet freshness of morning,
No clouds nor no tears, sunshine bright to the end.

The Angels' Testimony

(Festal Homage from the Senior Pupils)

• • •

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ :

Angel Guardian	Angel of Prayer
Angel of Tears	Angel of Charity
Angel of Kind Thoughts	Angel of Kind Words
Angel of Kind Deeds	Angel of the Vows
Child of the School	

• • •

Angel Guardian :

What sweet surprise is this, O Spirits blest?
You come to keep with joyous song and gifts,
This golden festal of my mortal charge!

Angel of Prayer :

E'en so. It is a joy most justly thine,
For nobly hast thou wrought with God His Work
In this dear child of earth, e'en from that morn,
When swift as ray of light, His word sent forth
A new soul to its earthly tenement,
Till this fair day when three-score years and ten
Like jewels grace the temple of its Lord.

Angel of Tears :

I joy with thee, for thou hast made her life,
Its hopes and fears, its trials, sorrows, cares,
The seed of future glory, ne'er to fade.

Angel of Charity :

I who have borne thee faithful company
May well congratulations offer thee.
With these, my angel friends, I've watched thee train
From first to last her heart in Virtue's school.

Angel of Kind Thoughts :

We who walked with her oft in stony paths,
And up the mount, and o'er the weary plain,
Have seen thee pouring streams of gladness o'er
Her gentle spirit, when 'twas sore oppressed.

Angel of Kind Words :

And whisp'ring to her soft, " Be kind, be kind,
For Kindness is a flower rare from Heaven."
And under thy sweet spell she joyous grew,
And unto others bore her joy and peace ;
Saw all the beauty of God's perfect gifts,
Returned Him thanks and ever happier grew.

Angel of Kind Deeds :

And when her hands grew tired with zealous toil,
With promptitude celestial thou wert there
Her cares to soften and her labors share.

Angel of Vows :

How shall I praise thee, Guardian ever blest !
In the sweet freshness of her springtime years,
Thou led'st her from the world's deceptive charms,
To an abode of calm security,
And bade her seek for things more rare and high
Than earth could give, or all its treasures buy.

Angel Guardian :

My thanks are due, O holy Spirits all,
After our Sov'reign Lord, to each of you.
What marvels hast thou wrought for my loved charge
Angel of Holy Pray'r, speak thou, and tell.

Angel of Prayer :

When first thy lips dropped wisdom to the ears
Of her young soul, and words of prayer she spoke,
I caught the living incense and it rose
Up to the throne of God and perfumed Heav'n.
A prayer most sweet it was, with accent full
Of love undying and of yearning great
For one she scarce had known—e'en for the pure

And fair young mother whom the Lord had called
In all the beauty of her early life,—
Pray'r for her sisters twain—two tender flowers—
Who now bear witness to her love and care,—
Pray'r for the loved Protector of her youth,
That prince of priestly priests and friend sincere.
That prayer of gratitude and pleading love,
With others added as true friends increased,
Throughout the years, at morn and noon and eve
And through the hours,—its sweet aroma e'er
Is stealing upwards from my thurible,
And falls in silv'ry clouds of graces rare
Upon herself and those she holds most dear.

Angel Guardian :

O happy Angel, whose high mission is
To waft to sorrowing hearts sweet sympathies
And comforts, hast thou aught concealed of hers
Within thy silver chalice, hidden deep ?

Angel of Tears :

Here pearls of price unvalued deep are hid :—
Tears, gentle tears for loved ones long since gone,—
With her remembrance fled not with the years,—
Tears of compassion for the bruised heart,—
Tears for the outcast and the suffering,
Tears for the woes of sad humanity,—
Her heart so truly great excluded none.
Tears of gratitude and glad thanksgiving,
For nought e'er touched her like a kindness shown,
Tears of joy for those she had made happy,
Tears of sorrow when grief she could not stay,
All these, ere thou could'st wipe away, I caught
And dropped in many a sad, afflicted home.
I need not tell you wonders you have seen,
How hearts were comforted and pain allayed,
And spirits faint took hope and courage new.
Oh, that a ray of light would but reveal
To countless souls the power of holy tears !

Angel Guardian :

Thou seraph of the highest heav'ns, hast thou
The name of my dear charge recorded here ?

Angel of Charity :

Thou smil'st, for well thou know'st 'tis graven deep
Upon that heart of which I bear the sign.
I've led her to that Sun of living love
And sought to gild her life with Its bright rays.
Upon her soul's well-cultured soil they fell,
And warmed my tender seeds to beauteous life,—
So is her heart a garden of choice flowers.

Angel of Kind Thoughts :

And see! I bring the precious roots and vines,
That spring from out this garden fair—Kind Thoughts
That travel far with friends of olden days,
Kind Thoughts that rest with friends of later days,
Recalling all that's noblest, best and true
And questioning how to make all truly happy.

Angel of Kind Words :

The root and leafy stem and graceful vine
Are but the prophecies of fairer growth.
When tinted with the hues of sunset, spring
The blossoms with their floating, fragrant cloud
Of beauty, how their loveliness is praised!
And mortals cull them into bouquets rare,
And grace their homes with them, and greet their friends.
And faded, press them for dear memories,—
These radiant flowers I carry are Kind Words,
Whose office is to cheer the drooping world ;
Their sweet breath lingers in the heart's fond depths,
E'en when the utterer has passed away.
Kind Words have grown apace within the fair
And beauteous garden of my earthly charge.
Who that hath come within the charmed sphere
Of her sweet acquaintance hath not heard them!
The friend, the guest, the stranger, the unknown,
The poor, despised, and lowly ones of earth,
All from her lips have gathered words most kind
And wondrous gracious. Oh, that all might know
The power magnetic of a kindly word!
The meed of praise when praise was due she gave
Most willingly ; the word of friendship true
And heart's deep sympathy, the word that cheered

And strengthened and revived, she freely spoke.
Her heart was filled with kindness, and her lips
Speaking from out its great abundance shed
Happiness 'round, and all that knew her said :
" May God e'er bless her for her kindly words."

Angel Guardian :

Thy mystic symbol of ambrosial fruit,
Where hast thou gathered, blest Archangel, say ?

Angel of Kind Deeds :

'Tis the rich harvest of Kind Deeds that dropped
All gold and crimson, luscious to the taste,
From trees luxuriant in that garden low.
Kind Deeds are messengers of love and peace.
They walk the earth like visitants divine,
Shedding choice blessings, oft true miracles.
From earliest days they've been familiar
To her whose Jubilee we keep to-day.
At Kind Words only she hath never stopped
Nor lost the merit of the kindly act.
Oh, would that all by her befriended oft
Were here to tell us of the willing hand
Stretched forth to shield and render generous aid,
E'en ere the suppliant request had made.
A heart she hath had for all, and none
So humble nor so poor as not to claim
Some act of bounty from her kindly hand.
The day of reck'ning only will reveal
The myriad deeds of kindness she hath wrought.
O Guardian dear, thou hast lost sight of none,—
Bright gems of beauty they shall shine, when comes
That day when e'en the cup of water cold
Its exceeding recompense shall receive.

Angel Guardian :

Thou hast not spoken, 'tis humility,
Bright Angel of the Vows, that keeps thee mute
Till thy loved friends have told their meed of praise.

Angel of the Vows :

When I amid the heavenly splendor saw

Thee pray most pleadingly that my three gifts,
The Lily of Unspotted Chastity,
True Christ-like Poverty and the strong shield
Of blest Obedience should be given
Thy precious charge, I came with breathless speed
And laid them at her feet ; me she embraced,
And charmed with the beauty of her God,
Chose Him as only object of her love.
Behold ! full decades five of service true
Bear witness to the wisdom of her choice,
And prove that through those years, for her thrice blest,
The triple promise she hath faithful kept.

Angel Guardian :

And thou, dear Child, what would'st thou say of her
Whose praise we sing to-day ? By what fast ties
Of fond affection art thou bound to her ?

Child of the School :

I speak for those entrusted to her care ;
Our gentle teacher she in ways of truth,
And while we studied worldly lore, she taught
By word and fair example that the world
Is but a vapor touched with rainbow tints ;
But not, howe'er, the world of Nature fair,
Oh, God's grand Nature, that she loved with all
The ardor of her sweet poetic soul ;
She read within its open book, and soon
Familiar grew with birds and flowers and streams
And all God's creatures brought to her some word
Of His most wondrous beauty, love and care ;
For all a cherished place she held, but most
Her heart went out to Erin's children dear,
And decades four have seen her nobly strive
To teach, uplift, and make them worthy all
Of the race whence their ancestors sprung.
The torch of faith, pure, strong and ever bright,
She placed within their hands and bade them keep
It brightly burning throughout all their lives,
And most when clouds and shadows thickened deep.
Her words of wisdom and of counsel sure
A golden column were, on which all leaned,
And numerous souls, grown brave and good through her.

Are nobly working out God's will on earth.
Meet is it then that hymn of thankful praise
On high be wafted to her Sov' reign Lord.
O Sisters all,—and you, bright Spirits blest,
Join happy voices, while on wings of love
Her " Quid Retribuam " to the courts of Heaven
Proclaims the glory of this Jubilee Day.

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Thanksgiving Hymn

QUID RETRIBUAM DOMINO
PRO OMNIBUS QUAE RETRIBUIT MIHI ?

Lord, for all Thou hast given me,
Through the length of those happy days,
What, oh, what shall I render Thee?
My riches only—thanks and praise.

Now and for aye Thy name be blest,
Blest alike for the smiles and tears,
Praise to Thee for the toil or rest.
Praise and thanks for these fifty years.



